

NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

CAN KOSSUTH BE SANE?

It is well known that a nervous temperament, placed under circumstances of great excitement, readily passes over into insanity. That such is the temperament of Kossuth, and such the circumstances in which for the last four years he has been placed, all the world knows; whether they have produced the natural effect just alluded to is the question on which we propose to make a few remarks. Were he a private individual, it would be in the highest degree indelicate publicly to discuss this subject; but the character which he assumes, and the business relations with the country in which he has placed himself, make his sanity or insanity a very important public question. As such we treat it, but with all the tenderness due to his talents and his misfortunes.

We forbear to allude to the scenes at Spezia and Marseilles, and to the visit to England, although there was not a little in his conduct on these occasions betokening an unsound judgment. But unsound judgment is not technical insanity. The sojourn at New York, and the tone of several of his speeches there—especially that in which he undertook to school the people of America as to the meaning of WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS—was still more significant of a very ill-balanced mind. Much allowance, however, might be made for the atmosphere in which he found himself. The imperial city went mad, and it could hardly be expected of the object of her insensate homage to retain his reason. It must, however, be allowed that, in delaying his visit to Washington, under the circumstances which brought him to America, and in intimating in some of his postprandial harangues a disposition to appeal from the Government to the People, KOSSUTH showed, if nothing else, an utter incapacity for business, and a total ignorance of the character of the People of America. GENRE met with indifferent success in his attempt to play that game, although he was the Minister of the terrible Republic. We forbear to point out the difference of the circumstances under which Kossuth appeared among us.

But all this shows only that he is a person utterly destitute of prudence and capacity for business; besides being very ill-advised by the busy persons who took him in hand, and many of whom had in view nothing but their own glorification. It is since his arrival in Ohio that the strongest indications of mental deficiency have been given. What shall be said, for instance, of Kossuth's finding a wonderful coincidence in the fact that he was born on the day that Ohio was admitted into the Union as a State? This piece of sentimentalism might appropriately enrich a *fillet-doux* addressed to a girl at boarding school; but for a statesman, a second Washington—! But we must advert to more serious matters.

During his visit to Ohio some steps have been taken, and openly proclaimed by him, in reference to his "mission," which seem to us conclusive as to the question of sanity. What is his object, according to his own showing, repeated in every form of words of which the language is capable, in the two or three hundred speeches which he has made since he landed? It is to procure "material aid," that is, cash, arms, and ammunition, to be used in another conflict with Austria. That Government, it is well known, has a very large army; some half million of troops, on foot, commanded by very able Generals. Her finances are not prosperous, but she has within the last four years made prodigious military efforts on both sides of the Alps. She is in close alliance with Russia, another still more powerful military State, capable of marching at short notice three hundred thousand men in any direction. Prussia, with an army nearly equal, though not cordially sympathizing with Austria in respect to the political organization of Germany, might be depended upon to aid her (if aid were necessary) in putting down a general insurrectionary movement. So also might France under her Dictator. It is not likely that Louis Napoleon, who would not let Kossuth and his family pass through France to England, would *wavine*, at any attempt which he might make to proclaim a republic in Hungary or any where else. Here, then, are the Powers against which Kossuth is seeking "material aid." This is the force on one side: what is the force on the other?

It will be said that England and America can be depended upon. For what? For sincere sympathy, no doubt. England and the United States would deeply deplore the miseries which a renewed struggle would inflict on Hungary. If a contest were now going on, it would have our best wishes for its success. The attempt to represent those who will not join the popular cry (or what was the popular cry) on this subject as friendly to despotism is rank nonsense. Nobody is friendly to despotism in this country or in England; but if M. Kossuth has ever supposed that either in England or the United States he would get a dollar or a man from the Government, he has by this time discovered his error. All that he will get in either country to aid him in his crusade against the great military monarchies of the continent will be good wishes and flowery speeches. Seeing this, admitting this, as he has done in substance, he proposes to go to war "on his own hook." Here, in the United States, on the other side of the globe from Hungary, he, a private individual, disavowed by three of his former Ministerial colleagues, is undertaking, with the contributions to be picked up at Niblo's and Tripler Hall, and the funds to be raised by an issue of *assignats*, to organize preparations for a war against the Continent of Europe! Is this the project of a sane man?

And what has he done by way of carrying this project into effect, (for he is very judiciously publishing to the world the steps he is taking)? He has purchased or contracted for thirty or forty thousand muskets, at two dollars a piece, and has made a bargain for twelve hundred saddles in Cincinnati! And what is to be done with the two dollar muskets and five dollar saddles? Who is to use them? There is not a man on foot in Hungary to resist the Government. And three of M. Kossuth's colleagues in the Ministry have publicly stated that he is not now clothed with any official authority, and consequently not authorized to enlist a man. If he had all the authority which he possessed before his abdication he could not enlist a man in the United States; nor, if he enlisted him, could he get him into Hungary? The moment the Government of the United States perceives an attempt seriously making to organize an expedition against the possessions of a friendly Power, it must, under the general laws of the country, interfere and suppress it. Kossuth knows this, and yet is constantly telling the world about the guns he has bought and the saddles he has bargained for. Is this the language of a sane man? It would be an insult to the common sense of the reader to ask whether it is the language of a discreet man, or one able to conduct a difficult enterprise.

But suppose all the obstacles this side of the water overcome; suppose the forty thousand guns and the twelve hundred saddles compactly boxed up and safely shipped out of the United States; how are they to be got into Hungary? They are rather bulky articles. You could not carry a single one of the saddles in the crown of your hat. Hungary has but one or two seaports. Those are not in Hungary proper; and they are garrisoned by Austrian troops and officered by Austrian *douaniers*.

We think it would be quite safe to take large odds that you could not smuggle a box of cigars eight inches by four into any seaport of Austria. Kossuth does not yet know what it is to get into Austria. He has shown, according to one of his colleagues, great alacrity in getting out of it; but we advise him, before he puts all the saddles at risk, to

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN THE OLD WORLD.

Written for the National Intelligencer by a Citizen of Washington.

MESSINA, SICILY, JANUARY 27, 1862.

This is my second visit to Messina, after an absence of something more than three months. It is the first tolerably civilized place I have seen for such a length of time that it quite reminds me of home, and suggests the idea of a few notes of Sicilian adventure. Now, if I can remember sufficient of the English language, after the abominable jargon of tongues to which I have been subjected in the East, you shall have four hundred miles of Sicily, including Mount Etna, in the briefest possible space. A pleasant ramble from Florence to Rome by the way of Arezzo, Perugia, and the Falls of Fera; a sojourn in Naples, not omitting, of course, Mount Vesuvius, Pompeii, and Herculaneum; rambles in Malta, Greece, the islands of the Cyclades, Smyrna, and Constantinople; a ride of thirty or forty days through Syria and Palestine, with hasty explorations of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and a glance at Alexandria and Egyptian life on the way back, have fully occupied my time since the date of my last. On my return to Florence I hope to have a few weeks leisure, and to be rather more in the vicinity of pest officers; when you may look for something better than I can send you now.

The Neapolitan steamer for Palermo, in which I took passage from Naples, was a good specimen of the Italian steam service; that is to say, it was the smallest and dirtiest and worst contrived craft I ever saw afloat. There were on board two hundred and fifty Neapolitan soldiers, very much like the steamboat—small, dirty, and badly contrived in all respects. If any man should ever do me a serious injury, I wish him no greater punishment than to be twenty-four hours in this very boat, with two hundred and fifty soldiers on board, and a strong wind and heavy sea to keep them well mixed. The scene below I will not pretend to describe; on deck it is a concatenation of heads, moustaches, legs, heels, and swords, wonderful to behold. In one place you see a huge pile of men asleep; in another a whole broadside of sallow fellows, seasick to an alarming degree; two feet of unappropriated deck can scarcely be found for or aft; and as to a promenade at night, if you undertake it you are sure to stumble over a misplaced boot, with a leg in it, and fall on a sick soldier.

The voyage from Naples to Palermo is usually performed in about twenty hours. Owing to rough weather it took us twenty-two. Next to Naples, the harbor of Palermo is perhaps the most beautiful in the Mediterranean. Indeed, many consider it quite equal in picturesque effect to Naples; for although it has not Mount Vesuvius, or the breadth and extent of shore line, yet the eye comprehends more at a glance, and a nearer approach is permitted without destroying the scenic beauty of the mountains and villas. At a sufficient distance to embrace a complete view of Naples and its environs, the city is almost lost; but the finest view of Palermo is just opposite the town, within a mile or two. The harbor forms a beautiful crescent, surrounded by hills covered with verdure throughout the greater part of the year; villas and orange groves adorn every prominent point; rich gardens lie along the shore; vessels of many nations float sleepily on the smooth waters of the bay; fishing-boats, crowded with sunburnt crews, ply merrily through the flashing brine; and along the wharves groups of swarthy sailors, quite like the practical-looking fellows you see in the French prints, are constantly lounging, smoking, chatting in imprecantable tongues, and casting sly glances at the Sicilian belles, who look like operatic chorus-singers; and then there are pale Italian without number, and occasional Greeks; with a sprinkling of Turks and fresh-looking English captains, to give variety and animation to the scene. There is an aspect of business activity about the streets and shops of Palermo, not a little cheering after one has been mouldering for some time among old ruins and cities of by-gone prosperity. Yet Palermo is not what it might be under a judicious system of government. I hold myself in readiness to apologize for the remark, when called upon, to his majesty the King of the two Sicilies, and to declare, if required, that the Neapolitan States are well governed; that the people are well governed; that I never saw so many soldiers and so much governing in all my life. Every man seems to be personally and individually governed, and so careful is his Majesty of the faithful administration of the laws and the economical exercise of his subjects, that the necessities of government extend into every family circle, and wind every body up as in an invisible web that cannot be seen, but always felt. The stranger who lands at Palermo, and succeeds in getting through the Polizia, will respect good government all the rest of his life. I have a very pleasing impression of the officer in attendance there. He opened my knapsack when he heard me speak English, because he knew I must be an Englishman to address him in that language; he opened my letters one by one and carefully read them, commencing at the signatures and ending at the dates; and when he saw that I was not Mr. Gladstone, and had no printed documents for private circulation among the people of Sicily, he gave me a kindly nod and let me pass. Now, I depend upon that officer, as a man of honor, never to divulge the contents of my letters—especially one that was written in German and some private memoranda in shorthand.

The streets of Palermo are wider than those of the principal cities in Italy, and at night the shops present a very cheerful appearance. Cafes abound in all the public places, but there are none equal to the cafes in Florence. I visited during my stay the magnificent villa of the Marquis Fouché, which is embellished in the style of a Pompeian palace, with fountains and interior decorations designed strictly according to the antique models found in the ruins of Pompeii. The mosaic marble salons, frescos, and general arrangement of the chambers, as also the style of the furniture, afford a very good idea of Pompeii in its days of splendor. It was a feast day in Palermo, so I went to all the churches worth seeing and heard some good music at the Santa Catharina. Coming from Italy, I was surprised with sight-seeing of this kind, but I still found much to interest me in Palermo, where something of a different architectural order may be seen. There is no Murray, however, to enlighten one in Sicily, and the guides are sadly deficient in their historical and historical researches. All that I can find in reference to Palermo is contained in a little work written in French by the Marquis Artales, about ten years ago, and published in Milan; to which I am indebted for most of the information I have been able to obtain.

Palermo, the capital of Sicily, contains at present a population of about two hundred thousand, and is the residence of the King or his representative. It is a city of very ancient origin and of uncertain foundation. The historian, Thucydides, says that the Thracians found it already existing. The Carthaginians possessed it up to the period of the first Punic war, and it was then considered a city of considerable importance. Successively it was in possession of the Romans and the Greeks, and it made it the capital of their kingdom. There still exist in the city and its environs a few Saracenic remains. The Saracens were driven from it in 1070 by the Normans. Under the Comte Rogerio and his successors it flourished for a long time, and in its days of prosperity was known as the Happy City, because of its beauty, its flourishing commerce, the fertility of its soil, the serenity of its skies, the advantages of its position, and the ease and courtesy that characterized its inhabitants. It is true, there is some drawback to the salubrity of the climate in the hot wind from the coast of Africa, known as the *sirocco*, which blows at times with violence, and causes much suffering by its desolating breath; but it is only at long intervals that the inhabitants are subjected to this inconvenience. Throughout the greater part of the year the climate is scarcely to be surpassed in any part of the world. A crescent is formed by Monte Pellegrini and Cape Zafferano; and the hills of Escheria give protection to the town from the cold mountain breezes in winter, and in summer, with their beautiful villas and orange groves, afford a pleasant retreat from the heat of the sun. In ancient times Palermo was divided into three parts by two torrents from the mountains, making an island in the middle and emptying into the gulf. Now it is of a qua-

drilateral form; its streets are fine and well-paved in squares of stone, with sidewalks for the accommodation of foot-passengers. The pedestrian who has escaped the perils of street walking in Italy will appreciate this improvement upon Italian cities, for it is rather a rare pleasure to walk on a sidewalk in this part of the world. The city is divided into four equal parts by two large streets, which cross at right-angles; the one called the Strada Cassaro, or the Toledo, is a mile in length, and goes from the Porta Felicia to the Porta Nuova, in a right line, and after passing the gate it continues in the form of an avenue for three miles to Morreale. The other, named the Strada Nuova, or Maqueda, is not so long as the first, but it is larger, and extends from the Porta San Antonio to the Porta Maqueda. The point of intersection of these two streets is called the Quattro Cantoni, and is of an octagonal form, ornamented by four picturesque and very remarkable edifices, comprising the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders of architecture. These edifices are of a dingy and antique appearance, and are ornamented by statues of Charles the V., Philip the II., III., and IV. of Spain, and by four curiously-wrought fountains. This may be considered the central point of the city, and is usually thronged with gay idlers, especially at night, when all the cafes are crowded, and the streets lit up from the shop windows.

With respect to the fine arts in Palermo, of which the Marquis of Artales speaks in enthusiastic terms, I must confess I saw nothing of a high order of excellence. He dwells with particular admiration on the magnificent statuary which he says adorns the public promenades. I believe I thoroughly explored Palermo and its environs, but I saw no magnificent statuary; and was at length obliged to come to the conclusion that great allowance must be made for the florid imaginations of gentlemen who write guide-books. Often have I walked for miles through the dusty streets under a burning sun, to see some exquisite gem of art, and when I reached the place found a sick old stone, or old slab of a painting, that I am free to confess I could never have recognized as the work of a master-hand had I not been told so. The statuary in the churches of Palermo is generally exceedingly bad; the paintings are of very little merit, most of them being disgusting illustrations of scenes that never existed in the scriptures or anywhere else, badly drawn, badly painted, and in the worst possible taste. In one of the churches I was introduced with great solemnity to a picture of the Madonna, which was carefully covered to preserve it from the vulgar gaze. I paid two carlini for the privilege of seeing it. Judge of my astonishment when the grave old sexton drew back the curtain and revealed to my wondering eyes the dingy features of an old black woman, with a silver crown on her forehead, that made the blackness of her skin more striking! The pupils of her eyes were gilt with gold, and her eyebrows were radiant with precious stones! Her dress was of tawdry lace, glowing with little patchwork of silver paper; and altogether she was the most disagreeable object I ever saw; yet the old sexton bowed to her reverentially and said she was a great work of art.

Passing the Porta Felicia, you enter along the shores of the bay, a handsome promenade called the Marina, or Forum Borbonico, which presents a view of singular beauty. It is paved with white marble, is pleasantly shaded with trees, and is much frequented as a fashionable place of recreation. In summer concerts are given in the public gardens, which are illuminated in fine style, and the statuary, though not equal to that which adorns the Tuilleries in Paris, or the round garden in Padua, has a pleasing effect presented in outline against the green shrubbery. The Botanical Garden is said to be one of the richest in Europe. It was founded in 1790, and includes a botanical school and a collection of rarities which render it a place of considerable interest to travellers.

Among the many curiosities of the city is an establishment for foundlings. The institution is designed to prevent infanticide. It is a large gloomy old building, in an obscure part of the town, and must be approached with circumspection lest the inhabitants of the neighborhood should induce in erroneous suspicions. I threw all the responsibility on my guide, however, and went to see it in open daylight. There is a hole in the wall large enough to admit of a good-sized bundle, inside of which is a revolving machine, such as they use in post offices for the delivery of letters, with four compartments, each large enough to hold a *bambino*. The unfortunate mother, who is either unable or unwilling to support her offspring, rolls it up in a small package, which she carries to the pigeon-hole at night thrusts it in, gives the revolving babbler a turn, and departs with all possible speed. A bell is so connected with the machine as to arouse the nurses on the floor above. By pulling a string the whole establishment is whirled up aloft, and the *povera bambina* tumbled out of the package into the arms of the matron, who duly inspects it, labels it Angelo, or Francesco, or Antonio, as her taste may dictate, records the date of its admission in a register, its sex, &c.; and so commences the foundling life of the debutante. The mother is permitted to take it away whenever she chooses, but it is seldom the little unfortunate is called for. What the moral effect of this institution is, it is not for an inexperienced person like myself to determine.

So life often commences in Sicily; let us see how it ends. Chief among the wonders of Palermo are the Catacombs of the Capuchin Convent, near the Porta d'Ossuna. It is said to be a place of great antiquity; and of the bodies have been preserved in it for centuries, and still retain much of their original freshness. I had heard of these catacombs in Paris, and my visit to Palermo was induced chiefly by the extraordinary account given of them. Entering the ancient and ruinous court of the Convent, distant about a mile from the city, we were conducted by a ghostly-looking monk through some dark passages to the subterranean apartments of the dead. It was not my first visit to a place of this kind, but I must confess the sight was rather startling. It was like a revel of the dead—a horrible, grinning, ghastly exhibition of skeleton form, sightless eyes, and shining teeth, jaws distended, and bony hands outstretched; heads without bodies, and bodies without heads—the young, the old, the brave, the once beautiful and gay, all mingled in the ghastly throng. We walked through long subterranean passages, lined with the dead on both sides; with a stealthy and measured tread we stepped, for they seemed to stare at the intrusion, and their skeleton fingers vibrated as if yearning to grasp the living in their embrace. Long rows of upright niches are cut into the walls on each side; in every niche a skeleton form stands erect as in life, habited in a robe of black; the face, hands, and feet naked, withered, and of an ashy hue; the grizzled beard still hanging in tufts from the jaws, and in the recent cases the hair still clinging to the skull, but matted and dry. To each corpse is attached a label upon which is written the name and the date of decease, and a cross or the image of the Saviour.

Soon recovering from the shock of the first impression, I was struck with the wonderful variety and marked expression of character in the faces and forms around me. There were progressive dates of death, extending from remote centuries up to the present period, the niches being so arranged as to admit of a regular order of deposit. Many of the bodies stood erect, as if just lifted from the death-bed; the faces colorless, and the horrible agonies of dissolution stamped upon the features; the lower jaws hanging upon the breast; the teeth grinning and glistening between the parched lips, and the black hue of sickness about the mouth and around the sunken sockets of the eyes; and in some the sightless orbs were open and staring with a wild glare of affright, as if peering into the awful mysteries of the unknown bourn from whence none return; while others were a grotesque laugh of derision still more appalling, with the muscles of the mouth drawn up, the eyebrows lifted, the head tilted knowingly on one side, the hair matted in horny tufts, the bare spots on the skulls, like the pibald wing of a harlequin; the skeleton arms stretched, and the bony fingers spread as if to clutch the relentless destroyer, and wrestle with him to the last. These I fancied were lively fellows, who were carried off suddenly after a midnight carouse. I sat down on a box containing a dead child, and looked up at a row of bodies opposite that attracted my notice in a particular degree. In the middle stood a rollicking fellow, about two years dead, whose sunken eyes appeared still to burn with the fire of life and humor. His hands were lifted in a deprecating manner over a congregation of corpses sitting on a shelf below. Some appeared to be listening; some grin-

ning at his humorous harangue; others, with their heads together, seem to question the propriety of his anecdotes; old gentlemen, with knitted brows and lantern jaws; ranges of bodies stood on each side of him as if laughing, talking, praying, dying, suffering, listening, rejoicing, and feasting at the banquet of death. One little man, in a dingy suit of black, sat in a corner; the end of his nose was eaten off by the worms; his mouth was compressed, and had a pinched expression; his hands grasped eagerly at something. I thought that little man was a miser, whose death was caused by starvation. Another figure, a large portly body, stood in a conspicuous part of the vault; it was the corpse of a fat old bishop, whose jaws were still rotted and smooth with good living, and his sleek hair patted down to his head as with the oil of by-gone roast beefs and macaroni soups, and jolly cast of countenance, betokened a system liberally supplied with the juices of life, and a conscience rendered easy by attention to the creature comforts. That man lived an easy life, and died of good feeding. He was carefully labelled, and carried on his wrists a jewelled cross. There stood in another part of the vault a fiery orator, with open mouth and distended arms. The head was thrown back, the breast partially bare, a few tufts of black hair fell from his pibald skull; his round staring eyes were stretched open, and his brows arched high on his wrinkled forehead; he looked toward heaven for inspiration. I fancied I could hear the flaming torrent, as it blazed and crackled and scintillated from his thin ashy lips. It was the glowing eloquence of an ardent soul that left its parting impress upon the clay; the form yet spoke, but the soul was not there. Passing on from vault to vault, we saw here and there a dead baby thrown upon a shelf—its little innocent face sleeping calmly among the mouldering skulls; a leg, or arm, or an old skull, from which the lower jaw had fallen; now a lively corpse, jumping with a startling throes from his niche, or a grim skeleton in its dark corner chuckling at the ravages of the destroyer. Who was the prince here? Who was the great man, or the proud man, or the rich man? The musty, grinning, ghastly skeleton in the corner seemed to chuckle at the thought, and say to himself, "Was it you, then, on the right, you ugly, noseless, sightless, disgusting thing? Was it you that rode in your fine carriage about a year ago, and thought yourself so great when you ordered your coachman to drive over the bazaar if he did not get out of the way? Don't you see he is as handsome as you are now, and as great a man; you can't cut him down now, old fellow! And you, there on the left. What a nice figure you are with your fleshless shanks and your worn-out lips! It was you that betrayed youth and beauty and innocence, and brought yourself here at last to keep company with such fellows as I am. Why, there is not a living thing now, save the maggots, that would turn away in disgust from you. And you, sir, on the opposite side, how proud you were when I last saw you; an officer of state, a great man in power, who could crush all below you, and make the happy wife a widowed mourner, and bring her little babe to starvation; it was you that had innocent men seized and cast in prison. What can you do now? The meanest wretch that mocks you in this vault of death is as good as you, as strong, as great, as tall, as broad, as pretty a piece of mortality, and a great deal nearer to heaven. Oh, you are a nice set of fellows, all mixing together without ceremony! Where are your rules of etiquette; your fashionable ranks, and your plebeian ranks; your thousands of admiring friends, your throngs of jewelled visitors! Why, the lowliest of us has as many visitors here, and as many honest tears shed as you. Ha! ha! This is a jolly place, after all; we are all a jolly set of republicans, and old Death is our President!"

Turning away from this strange exhibition of death's doings, I followed the old monk into the vaults allotted to the women. Here the spectacle was still more shocking and impressive. The bodies were not placed in an upright position like those of the men, but were laid out at full length in glass cases, the walls on both sides being covered.

The young, the gay, the beautiful, were all here, laid lowly in the relentless embrace of death; decked out in silken dresses, laces, and jewelry, as in mockery of the past. Each corpse had its sad history. I saw a young bride who was stricken down in a few brief months after her marriage. She was dressed in her bridal costume; the bonnet and veil still on, the white gloves drawn over her skeleton fingers; a few withered flowers laid upon her breast by the mourning one she had left behind. Through the thin veil could be seen a blanched, grinning, bony face; sunken sockets, marked around with the dark lines of decay; and her long hair was drawn in luxuriant masses over her withered bosom. Another held in her arms a skeleton babe. Some were habited in walking dresses; others in all the finery of ball-room costume, with gay silks, slippers, silk stockings, and tawdry lace. It was a ghastly sight to look under the bonnets, and gaze upon the sunken ashy features, decked around with artificial flowers, and trace in those withered lineaments no lingering line of beauty, no flickering ray of the immortal spirit, but a dreary history of mortal agony, decay, and corruption. Yet here the husband comes to hold communion with the beloved soul that once dwelt in that mouldering corpse; to look upon those blanched features, that were once animate with life and affection; to kiss the cold lips, and feel no returning warmth. And here, too, the father, brother, sister, and wife come to gaze upon the dead; and here the mother comes to weep over the withered corpse of her babe. Once a year, as I learnt from the old monk, the relatives of the deceased come to pray for the salvation of their souls, and deck their bodies with flowers. From the conversation of the monk, I learnt that these catacombs are supported by contributions from the relatives of the deceased, who pay annually a certain sum for the preservation of the bodies. Each new-come is placed in a temporary niche, and afterwards removed to a permanent place, where he is permitted to remain as long as the contributions continue; but when the customary fees are not forthcoming, the corpses are thrown aside on a shelf, where they lie till the relatives think proper to have them set up again. Whole families are filled with skulls and bodies of the dead, put out of the way to make room for others of a more profitable character.

It might be supposed that the air of the catacombs is in some degree affected by the fresh bodies; but this is not the case. There is no offensive odor, and the visitor would scarcely know, if he did not see them, that he was surrounded by the dead. I could perceive no difference in the atmosphere of these vaults from that of any other subterranean places, except a slight smell of mould, not altogether disagreeable. The fresh air is admitted from the top, and it is to its extreme dryness that the preservation of the bodies may be attributable.

During my sojourn in Palermo I visited Morreale, a village situated on a hill, about three miles distant. The chief object of attraction here is a very ancient church, in which may be seen some of the finest mosaic in Sicily, and a court containing two hundred double columns, each different from the other. Among the pictures in mosaic is a representation of St. Paul in the act of pulling the devil out of somebody's mouth; to which one of the reverend padres pointed with a grim smile of triumph. I believe he suspected that I had something of the kind in me that could be extracted by hard pulling; but I gave him a couple of carlini, which seemed to afford him much satisfaction.

After a stay of four days, I took my post in a rumbling old diligence from Catania, on the southeastern side of the island. The distance is a hundred and seventy Sicilian miles from Palermo. It was late at night when we started; for you must know that diligences in Sicily always make it a point to start at the most unreasonable hours. The pleasure of the trip was in no degree enhanced by the information, confidentially conveyed to us by the conductor, when we asked him why we had a guard, that on the trip from Catania, just three days before, the diligence had been robbed; that the mountains were infested with banditti, and we might consider ourselves fortunate if we reached Catania without broken heads. I had heard so much of the robbers in Italy, who were always somewhere else, that I had no great faith in those of Sicily; but, inasmuch as all parties united in terrible stories of the bad character of the Sicilians, I thought there might be sufficient truth in it to be a little cautious; so, having a very aim purge, I put it in my boots, and slept comfortably for the night—as much so as at least as a person can

when he has to hang on outside on the driver's seat, for want of one in the interior. It was a bright moonlight night, and we jogged on pleasantly enough, up hill and down hill, and over rugged roads, and through dark, low, dirty-looking villages, till daylight broke, and the sun rose over the barren mountains with a refreshing warmth. That sun was welcomed most heartily by the whole company, for the mountain air had chilled us throughout; and I am not sure but it would have found us frozen stiff, had it not been that at each post we were roused into a fit of honest indignation at the inordinate demands of the postillions, hostlers, and guards. The postillions charged us half a carlin for driving us; the hostlers charged half a carlin for putting the horses in; the guards robbed us of half a carlin for preventing us from being robbed; and the beggars begged the loose change from us, because they must have money or they could not live. And here let me warn all travellers who think of making the tour of Sicily not to delude themselves with the idea that when they pay for a seat in the diligence, or a seat outside of it, that they are done paying; that the owners thereof consider themselves under the slightest obligation to take him to his place of destination. You simply pay for the use of a foot or a foot and a half of cushion, (according to your breadth of beam), and the contract is concluded. You may be left, as I was on the road to Syracuse, in the middle of the public highway, without horses or driver, an object of mingled wonder and derision to the inhabitants of a populous village—stared at as the man who wouldn't pay; ridiculed as the man who couldn't go without horses; abused in an unknown and abominable tongue, for refusing to be legitimately swindled; and compelled, in the end, to give an additional *bono mano* for creating the difficulty and losing time. Good humor and small change are the only locomotive powers by which you can get on in Sicily. The one keeps you in a state of self-satisfaction; the other greases the wheels, makes the whip crack, and the horses go. Depend upon it, you will never gain an inch by a rebellious spirit against customs which you cannot change.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

SURVEYORS OF THE CUSTOMS.

JOHN A. CAYVEDO, at Fernandina, Florida, reappointed.

PHILIP P. YEATMAN, East river, Virginia, vice Wm. Williams, whose commission expired.

JOHN SEGAR, at Urbana, Virginia, vice Alfred Palmer.

ARRREST OF A CURAN INVADER.—Capt. Henry Robinson, who left Cincinnati in company with a number of others to join the expedition of Lopez against Cuba, was arrested in that city on the 2d instant, by the United States Marshal, and taken to Columbus. He will probably be arraigned before the United States Court to answer the charge.

LOUISIANA LICENSE LAW.—A law has passed both houses of the Louisiana Legislature which gives the exclusive power to police juries and to the mayors and aldermen of cities to make such laws and regulations for the sale, or prohibition of the sale, of intoxicating liquors as they may deem advisable, and to grant or withhold licenses from drinking houses or shops as a majority of the citizens and voters of any ward, parish, town, and city may determine by ballot. This act takes effect from the date of its passage.

To give an idea of the great degree of drunkenness existing in the city of New York it is stated that Justice LOTHROP had no less than fifty-seven prisoners brought before him at the Tombs, on Sunday morning, charged with drunkenness and consequent disorderly conduct. A movement was made a day or two ago, in the Board of Assistants, to increase the city police force, which already numbers 930 men, and cost last year \$630,000. The arrests last year were 180,646, of which 140,972 were the result of drinking.

THE WHEELING BRIDGE CASE.—The Legislature of Ohio consists of one hundred and thirty-one members. One hundred and twenty-one of them have signed a petition to Congress, in which they declare that the Wheeling Bridge is "an all-important work for the safe and uniform transportation of the United States mail, and for the accommodation of the travelling community of the whole valley of the Mississippi;" and they therefore pray Congress to interpose to sustain the bridge, by passing a law to legalize the same as the Great Western Mail Route.

ANOTHER ANTI-REST OUTRAGE.—The Albany Register gives an account of the detention of a Sheriff's officer by the Anti-Removers, under the following circumstances: Mr. Ezra Yager left Albany, with a lad, for the purpose of serving a legal process upon a Mr. Hempstead, of the town of Berne. He succeeded in this object without opprobrium, and set out on his return. He had not proceeded far when he found Hempstead was following him. Several persons joined Hempstead on the road. In a short time horns were blown in every direction, and a gang of from fifty to sixty men, armed and unarmed, on foot and on horseback, surrounded Yager and his boy. They were taken to Berne, where Yager was actually put under arrest, heavily ironed, and was placed in confinement. The boy was suffered to return to Albany. Nothing further has been heard from Yager, but it is to be presumed that the most efficient measures will be at once taken for his release.

SNOW IN MAINE.—In the back counties in Maine, as we are informed, the snow averages five feet in depth. Many of the small farm houses are nearly submerged in snow banks. There has been much suffering in keeping the mail roads open to accommodate "Uncle Sam's" teams. At Anson, up to the 3d instant, there had fallen 384 inches, nearly eight feet.—*Boston Journal*.

A GAMBLER LYNDCH.—We learn that a gambler of the name of WILLIAMS suffered the penalties of Lynch law at Hickman a few days since, at the hands of the passengers of the steamer *St. Paul*. It appears that a party of returned Californians started for St. Louis on the boat from New Orleans, but as the boat was about leaving port police officers came on board and cautioned the passengers to beware of gamblers and pickpockets during the trip, at the same time informing them that several of the fraternity were on the boat. This made the Californians extremely cautious and wary of the approaches of their fellow-passengers.

Some distance above Memphis, this man Williams, who had tried every means to obtain his money out of the Californians, and finding every project failed, persuaded one of them to visit his state-room to try a bottle of fine brandy. He drank some of the liquor, which almost immediately made him sick, and he rushed into the cabin crying out that he was poisoned. It appears that the liquor had been drugged with morphine. The boat stopped at Hickman, and the passengers seized Williams, proceeded to the woods, tied him up to a tree, and gave him sixty-seven lashes on his bare back, and turned him loose.—*Louisville Courier*.

HEAVY FORGERY.—About two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon a gentlemanly appearing man named HORACE B. FIFE entered the Bank of America and presented at the counter a check for \$5,000, purporting to be drawn by the firm of Whitmore & Cryden, in favor of George Sullivan, whose endorsement was upon the back of it. The check was well executed, but the wording of it excited the suspicion of Mr. Edward F. Sturge, the paying teller. The check had also on the back of it the genuine endorsement of Mr. G. F. Nexsen, a broker of Wall street. This fact also attested to its being genuine, but still the teller was not satisfied, but called for the president of the Bank, Mr. Nexsen, he still held the check, and the president of the Independent Police, who took the president of the Bank into custody, and then called upon Messrs. Whitmore & Cryden, who at once pronounced the check a forgery. The accused was then taken before Justice Osborn and committed to prison to await an examination. On searching him a number of land warrants and other valuable papers were found on his person. He is said to be very respectably connected, and has heretofore borne an irreproachable character. He asserts that he received the check from a third party, and this is somewhat corroborated by the fact that, after the check had been endorsed by Mr. Nexsen, he still went to the Bank of America, where he could as easily have got it cashed at any other bank in the street.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

EMBEZZLEMENT.—The St. Louis Intelligencer of the 2d instant says: "A despatch from an eminent historian of Cincinnati was received here a few days since, informing the police that his son, a youth of fifteen, had decamped for California, in company with a young man named Adams, taking with him a considerable sum of money belonging to his father. Upon the arrival of the steamer Editor, on Sunday night, officer Cassen was informed of the case, and the boy and the money, and lodged the former in the calaboose to await the arrival of his father."

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—I have appointed Peter C. my attorneys, irrevocable, for the recovery and disposal of any and portion of the estate of my deceased uncle, the late John Stokes, of Nixonton, in North Carolina. And I have revoked, and hereby do revoke, all and every one of the powers of attorney heretofore given by me to any other person or persons whatsoever, touching or concerning the estate of the said deceased John Stokes, of Nixonton, or touching or concerning my rights therein. WILLIAM H. STOKES, mar 13—414416 Washington, D. C., March 8, 1862.

W. H. WALLACE, LAW NOTICE. E. G. QUAY, WALLACE & GUEST, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Fairfield, Iowa, will attend to all business pertaining to their profession throughout the State from 6-11 p.m. They will also attend to entering lands and locating land warrants, and act generally as land agents for the State of Iowa.

WOMEN OF CHRISTIANITY, exemplary for acts of Piety and Charity, by Julia Kavanagh, author of *Nivalle*, &c. Temple, Engineer, Millwright, and Mechanic's Pocket Companion, by Julius W. Adams, Engineer. Appleton's Mechanics' Magazine for February, 1862, ready.

R. FARNHAM.